

Still Need of Light

MUCH that Commissioner Haynes says about progress made in enforcing prohibition may be true of the country as a whole.

Undoubtedly a large majority of American children under three years of age are destined never to see a saloon such as once existed in every neighborhood and on nearly every corner.

The area in which abounding drunkenness staggers through the streets is unquestionably less than the area from which it has been practically banished, let us hope forever.

It is not easy to explain the amazing growth in savings accounts during this exceptional business depression except by believing that part of the wages which once went into alcohol now goes into the bank.

But the dampness in the cities is indisputable. And a lot of it is due to the secretive policy of the Government in its handling of liquor permits.

Until every detail in the life history of a parcel of hootch can be subjected to the X-ray of pitiless publicity, bootlegging will continue its rotten collusion with recreant officials and scandal threaten each move of the machinery over which Commissioner Haynes presides.

Remarkable Surgery.

WE have all heard of the Siamese twins and most of us at one time or other have seen twins that were united by a physical tie. How two human beings can get along physically attached to each other has always intrigued the imagination.

One of the things we have wondered about is what would happen in case one of the twins died.

A recent instance in surgery was noted by Dr. Le Filliatre before the Academy of Medicine in Paris.

A pair of twins was born into the world united by a fleshy band situated about the middle of the upper part of the abdomen.

This band united the two abdominal cavities of the infants. It was a sort of bridge which united the two xiphoid apophyses of the children. In English those two long words mean the processes at the lower extremity of the breast bone.

They presented a case which comes under the head of the science of teratology, which means the science of abnormalities.

The cutting of such a bridge is usually fatal, because it is very much like cutting into one's abdominal cavity.

A short time after birth Madeleine, one of the twins, fell sick. Her condition became dangerous and threatened the life of her sister, Suzanne.

Dr. Le Filliatre was called in and performed the surgical operation which separated them. They were then three months old.

The operation was difficult because along the bridge which connected them were great blood vessels; besides, the vital organs of the two infants were in a measure mixed, and it was necessary to cut off a part of the tissue which united the liver of one to that of the other.

Madeleine died three days after the operation.

Suzanne, however, got well and is in good health at the present time. She is strong and vigorous. All that remains of the operation is a slight scar.

It is the opinion of the surgeon, Le Filliatre, that to obtain the best results, it is best not to wait until the separation becomes necessary on account of sickness, as then the children are subjected to useless risks and the experiment takes place under unfavorable conditions.

As soon as possible the operation should be performed under a local anesthetic.

Serve This Nation First

THE Congressional Record of Monday, January 23, contains these statements by Senator Porter J. McCumber, new chairman of the Senate Committee on Finance:

I do not think there is a government that is owing us that could pay its back interest today. ***

If we feel the burden of this mighty obligation upon us of carrying our indebtedness of some \$23,000,000,000, how must the French people feel in carrying the indebtedness of \$51,000,000,000, with their country devastated; and how must Great Britain feel carrying \$37,000,000,000, with a population about one-third of the United States, and with about one-tenth of her male population down in their graves? ***

For God's sake let us not attempt to play the role of Shylock toward our allies.

What does Mr. McCumber mean by such talk?

We won the war for the allies at an enormous burden of taxation and expense for ourselves.

We have largely financed them since the war ended.

Into every area of pestilence and famine American relief has gone quickly as a benediction.

And, although each ally promptly seized valuable spoils and most of them entered into secret treaties to our disadvantage, we asked nothing, got nothing and have not yet even required payment of the interest on the debts they owe us.

Why, then, does Mr. McCumber mention the name of Shylock in connection with the United States? Is he representing American interests or foreign interests in the United States Senate?

Shylock was not foolishly liberal as the United States has been. Shylock would not have taxed his own people to carry the burdens of others, who were either wasting vast sums on imperialistic armaments used to oppress and exploit subjugated peoples or spending Shylock's loans upon monopolistic set-ups against him.

Offsetting the debts and sufferings of France and Britain, which so evoke the sympathy of the chairman of the Finance Committee are grabs of land and power and privilege inestimable in potential value and needing only time and the quieting of American demand for payments justly due to be transformed into enormous actual value.

Give us once more an AMERICAN policy.

Where's the Joke?

A CHAP by the name of C. A. Nelson, who is a member of the Kentucky legislature, has introduced a bill imposing a fine of from \$5 to \$25 upon any one wearing a bathing suit in the streets of any village having no policemen.

"Amid laughter," the news dispatch reads, "the bill was referred to the committee on alcoholic liquor traffic."

Why the laughter? Consider world conditions today. Think, for a moment, of the great need of legislators who are able to propose measures that will help this country to recover from the unprecedented calamity which befell it.

Think, then, of the constituency which selected C. A. Nelson to represent it in a State legislature and which is paying him for the fruits of his political genius.

And, when you get through thinking about those phases of the situation, give a thought to the multitude of asinine measures which are suggested daily not only in every State legislature, but even in the Congress of the United States.

"Amid tears," the dispatch should have read, "the bill was referred to the committee on ash barrels."

AMERICANS AS THEY ONCE WERE—I.

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AT Valley Forge the patriot cause seemed almost lost. But the spirit of our nation's founders did not despair. Washington, it is said, prayed for guidance. But he also arose and fought—fought till the cause had won!

THEY'RE HUMAN

By William Atherton Du Puy

Congressman Thomas L. Blanton of Texas, and Congressman Manuel Herrick of Oklahoma are the men who talk most on the floor of the House, consume most space in the Congressional Record, who are most likened to that pest of the meadows, the gadfly, in the rhetoric of their associates. There is consequently much evidence of satisfaction when they turn on each other.

Mr. Blanton one day not long ago was painting a word picture of the manner in which he handled Socialists in his district, was giving his particular recipe for expunging them from the body politic.

"Well, the gentleman from Texas yield to a question?" asked the gentleman from Oklahoma. The gentleman yielded.

"Did the gentleman from Texas ever stop to liken the position which he is taking," said Mr. Herrick, "to that of the fly which sat on the back of the axle of the coach which was traveling over a sun-baked road and which pointed back proudly and said, 'Look what a dust I am kicking up?'"

Now there is Frederick J. Libby, who is executive secretary of the National Council for Limitation of Armament. All during the conference this council has made itself an open forum, has poured tea nearly every afternoon and has given men from many nations an opportunity to pour out that fullness of opinion that seethes within them.

Mr. Libby, who used to be a college professor, a traveler, a student of international affairs, and all that sort of thing, and after the war became the European representative of the American Quakers who were busy alleviating suffering on the other side, was not himself a Quaker nor was he of Quaker stock, but, after working three years with them, the original advocates of peace, he adopted their faith.

A man comes to a high place, says Congressman Burton Edwin Sweet of Iowa, much as one boat out of a thousand might thread its way in a storm through a mass of jutting rocks on a wind-beaten coast.

Wise, resourceful, wealthy, masterful men by the thousand have coveted the Presidency, yet an impetuous college professor and a quiet country editor have of late attained it.

They did not land because of their seamanship, but because their boats miraculously missed the many rocks that intervened. Similarly, is it odd that we should today have a Vice President who chanced that job by a single sentence he uttered in upholding the fight of the Boston chief of police against his striking subordinates.

"No one has a right to strike against the Government," said Mr. Coolidge, somewhat obviously. (Copyright, 1922.)

Stars and Stripes

Many a man refers to his wife as his bitter half.

An optimist is a man who goes to Pittsburgh in a Palm Beach suit.

Most of the English kings have always had a little Scotch in them.

The difference between a brunette and a blonde is \$10 in a hair dressing parlor.

Columbus knew the world was round because he was convinced it wasn't exactly on the square.

They're going to the moon in a rocket. They say that the theory's sound; But while I'll say nothing to knock it I'll stay with my feet on the ground.

Poker players and manicurists are just alike. They both hold a lot of bum hands.

The time to call up is after the telephone girls have given all the wrong numbers to other people.

LITTLE DROPS OF WATER

By "BUGGS" BAER.

STATE'S evidence has been turned by several fancy scientists. Rumors have been paddling around that our drinking water is saturated with moisture plus visiting germs.

IN substitute words, our drinking water is all wet.

VISITING germs are unlike visiting diplomats. Diplomats never visit. Outside of that, they are allied in sympathies, cleverness and general contour.

LIKE all temperamental immigrants, these scientists refused to agree on non-biased samples of New York's drinking syrup. Now, that prohibition is demonstrated that suspended animation is not necessarily evidence of sleep that knows no alarm clocks, it may be well to know some shredded truth about our aquarium stuffings.

PROFESSOR BLEMISH took one stagnant look at our Croton juice and said:

"THEY say that water runs under bridges, but I am no bridge-jumper. Steve Brody took one chance on a 200-foot jump, but I would rather stagger those 200 feet."

THEN the Prof picked his own hip pockets. Prof. Bohunkus then filtered the following remarks between both his teeth:

"THE trouble with wood alcohol is that they are not ageing it long enough. I will keep dumb about our Croton water, as I have relatives who live near a spigot."

DR. PUNCTURE then blew some ponderous words through his Vandyke:

"NEW YORK gets the best rain water that money can buy."

NOT bad for a doctor. One vote was necessary to decide. It was up to Prof. Klunk. He proceeded to misquote himself:

"I HAVE INVESTIGATED NEW YORK'S DRINKING WATER. I FIND THAT IT IS WATER. FORTUNATELY, IT IS NOT COMPULSORY. ANYTHING THAT IS SAFE ON A DUMBWAITER CAN'T BE WORTH DRINKING."

FURTHERMORE, THERE ARE NO GERMS IN NEW YORK DRINKING WATER. NO GERMS COULD LIVE IN IT.

Ye TOWNE GOSSIP

(Copyright, 1922.)

By K. C. B.

A LONG while ago. AND HE showed him how.

WHEN I was a boy. AND IN spite of the fact.

I KNEW a boy. THAT THIS friend of mine.

WHO WAS the envy. KNEW NOTHING at all.

OF ALL other boys. ABOUT DRIVING a car.

FOR HE was possessed. HE DROVE it right out.

OF A confidence. AND ONTO the road.

THAT THERE wasn't a thing. AND STARTED away.

THAT OTHER boys did. FOR HIS bungalow.

THAT HE couldn't do. AND JUST as he'd done.

AND THE very first time. WHEN HE was a boy.

HE EVER swam. HE CONQUERED it.

HE JUMPED off a dock. AND HE was glad.

BECAUSE OTHER boys did. AS HE rode along.

AND HE had to swim. FOR HE'D bought the car.

OR LOSE his life. AS A birthday gift.

AND WHEN bicycles came. FOR HIS very good wife.

AND HE got one. AND SHE didn't know.

HE RODE right off. HE WAS buying it.

WITH NEVER a wobble. AND HE reached his home.

AND I'VE found him again. AND DROVE right in.

AND OVER our pipes. AND HIS wife came out.

HE TOLD me the tale. AND THE moment he saw her.

OF THE Ford he bought. HE LOST his nerve.

AND WHEN he bought it. AND DROVE right at her.

HE GOT right in. AND TORE down the porch.

AND ASKED the man. AND WRECKED the car.

HOW TO start the thing. AND BROKE an arm.

IT'S A FUNNY OLD WORLD, AFTER ALL. I THANK you.

A lot of the people who recently were praying for the salvation of "Frawnce" are beginning to wish their prayer had not been answered. Humor seemed for a time to have left the world, but it had a return ticket.

Genuine Friends of D. C. In Congress

By BILL PRICE.

It is mighty pleasing at a time like this, when the steady development of the National Capital is threatened through proposed appropriations for the next fiscal year that will restrict and retard, to find so many staunch and influential friends of the District in Congress. These friends, too, are not hesitating to express themselves freely as to the hurtfulness of miserly appropriations when there was every logical reason to expect that the legislative shortcomings of the past four years would be remedied.

Congressmen FOCHT and ZIHLMAN, the former chairman of the House District Committee, and the latter an active worker on that committee, express the keenest regret that the pressing needs of the National Capital are overlooked in the District appropriation bill, as reported to the House.

Both these men are in intimate touch with affairs of the District; more so, probably, than any other two men in Congress, because they constantly devote much time to local matters.

As Mr. Focht sees present conditions, "the District is far behind the times now; streets were allowed to get in bad condition during the war and have not been repaired; public thoroughfares should be extended and new ones opened, and Washington must not be allowed to 'run down' any more than it is."

"The boasted beautiful avenues and drives" are, according to Mr. Focht, no longer an example for the country, and motorists coming here from elsewhere express their surprise at conditions.

Mr. Zihlman speaks along similar lines and thinks that now is the proper time for public improvements when so many men are out of work and looking for employment.

In pursuing a national policy of economy and retrenchment, Congress is right. It should apply that policy to District as well as national affairs. No citizen of the District expects or wishes otherwise, but there is no economy in permitting actual necessities of the National Capital to longer go without being provided for. They have been deferred long enough. The proverbial "stitch in time" ought to be remembered right now. Two years from now, the stitch will be useless and the cost will be many times greater.

There is no unwillingness on the part of taxpayers of the District to do their share. All they ask is that Uncle Sam, who owns and operates this bit of territory for his own benefit and as a national show place for his millions of folks, be fair and square in handing over his proportion. Uncle Sammy, too, has over \$4,000,000 of District revenues stowed away in his treasury which are available for use in meeting the extra strain of municipal upkeep—a strain that would not have existed had Congress not deferred provision for essential activities.

Please, Bankers, Be Kind

TO the bankers: Do you want more money in circulation, millions taken out of hiding and put to work; money that will eventually come to you to be lent out at a profit? You do! Then use your influence to help in developing the postal savings bank as it should be developed.

Of course you can stop it, with the help of your friends if you choose. Organized money was never as powerful as it is in the United States today. It can do about as it likes and prevent what it doesn't like.

But remember how you fought the Federal Reserve, how you denounced it, almost to a man and said it would ruin you. You know now that WITHOUT IT half of you would have been ruined in a jet-black war panic.

Thousands hoard and hide their money, the industrious, saving, foreign-born, especially. In a postal savings bank, generously managed, they would put every dollar, ceasing their shipments of money to Europe. The Government in turn would deposit the money with the banks; they would have the use of it, and money now idle would go to work. Build up the postal savings banks only as feeders for other banks.

Here's a Serious Change

THE mayor of Youngstown proposes to check immorality and goes right at it. For a refreshing change, he begins with the men. He says, "Vamping motorists must go. I want them locked up and given the full extent of the law. This includes well-dressed men with big automobiles that stand near corners and invite young girls to take rides with them."

The old method was to wait until a young girl had TAKEN a ride, then lock her up in the police station and let the man with the big automobile go home and forget it. Methods are improving. Perhaps women voting has had something to do with it.